THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

HART & SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETORS. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHENIX BLOCK, THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.--VOL. 3, NO. 28. RAVENNA, THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER 984

Poetical.

From the Louisville Journal.

Music of Earth.

There is music, merry music,
Ringing through the forest wild,
Gushing free and full of gladness—
'Tis the laughter of a child!
Where the velvet moss is greenest,
Where the blue-eyed violets bloom,
Where the soft spring air is laden
With a wealth of rich perfume,
He is sporting in the sunshine
With his young heart full of glee,
And his merry laugh is ringing,
Ringing ever joyously!

There is music, happy music,
Echoed softly through the grove,
Breathing gently of affection—
'Tis a maiden's song of love!
Blushing rose and weeping lily
Lend their beauty to her bower,
But, with mingled tears and blushes,
She is still the fairest flower!
She is dreaming of the absent,
Of his parting kiss and smile,
And her happy song is gushing,
Gushing gladly all the while!

There is music, solemn music,
Stealing through the church aisles dim,
Sweeping high in lofty echoes—
'Tis the sacred bridal hymn!
Round the altar they are gathered,
Where the bridegroom and the bride
Breathe their earnest vows in whispers,
Lowly kneeling side by side.
Oh, the air is pure and holy,
And along the church aisles dim,
Softly stealing, richly rolling,
Peals the sacred bridal hymn!

There is music, mournful music,
Wailing o'er the turf's low bed,
Sounds of deep, heart-rending anguish—
'Tis the requiem of the dead!
'Neath the shadow of the cypress,
Where the drooping hyacinths weep,
They have laid the loved and lovely
In an early grave to sleep!
There are sighs of crushing sorrow,
Bitter tears are vainly shed,
Mournful voices still are wailing,
Wildly wailing o'er the dead!

Miscellaneous.

A Thousand Dollar Shawl.

"See," said a sweet-faced lady to a young gentleman with whom she was walking past one of our fashionable churches. "See," said she, pointing to a lady, who was about entering the consecrated building, "that lady has a thousand dollar shawl!"

He looked at the lady, who for mere ornament—for it had no qualities of warmth—could make so prodigious an outlay for a single piece of garment.

But, any her poor neighbors, she is very charitable; she is secretary to an association for relieving the poor. This made me think better of her. Meeting a friend, he told her of what he had seen, giving also a description of the lady, and of his pleasure in knowing that so wealthy a lady had a charitable heart.

"Wealthy! wealthy! Charitable heart. My dear sir, she carries all she owns on her back, except her lap dog. Charitable!—Yes! A poor child came shivering and asked for alms; the maid stated the case to the mistress.

"Well, Bridget, it is hard, but I cannot help her. Tell her we have nothing to give her now." Bridget was going down stairs to send the little girl away as hungry as she came, but she was wanted. "Bridget, poor Toby's sick; he has no appetite. I fear I shall lose the little brute. Here is a half dollar, take it and buy him a chicken. I think if it is nicely cooked he may relish it."

Freezing to Death.

That to be frozen to death must be a frightful torture, many would consider certain, from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. The most curious example of the seductive power of cold, is found in the adventures of the botanical party, who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defense of fassitude to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die.

What Poodle Dogs are Fit for.

The local editor of the New York Tribune (Doesticks) has at length discovered the use of poodle dogs. Here is his account of it:

Having an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some apology for the existence of those wretched little creatures known as poodle dogs, and at last we have found out their uses. A lady who kept one of these curly abominations recently lost her pet and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty very silly questions, among others, "Where did you find the dear baby?"—Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up Sullivan street, had him tied to a pole and was washing windows with him."

From Putnam's Monthly.

Elegant Tom Dillar.

CHAPTER I.

To speak of Tom Dillar in any other way than by his pseudynom of Elegant, would be like speaking of Harold Harefoot, Edwin the Fair, the Black Prince, Louis le Debonnaire, without their distinguishing adjectives. Tom Dillar was known only to his acquaintances as Elegant Tom, and he was well entitled to the epithet, for he was elegant in looks, manners and style. He was one of those happy persons, who seem to have come into the world for the sole purpose of eating the sunny side of ripe peaches.—There were no deficiencies in Elegant Tom Dillar, and if one could have the ordering of his own antecedents, they could not be superior to Tom's. On the side of his father, he was connected with the best English families in the States; and by his mother's side, he could boast of the purest Dutch descent. He inherited a large fortune from his father, and, what was much better, a healthy constitution and a handsome person. Being independent in his circumstances, he was not educated for a profession; but, being apt to learn, he was taught a good many accomplishments that are not generally bestowed on American youths. He could dance much better than most professors of that elegant art, and in music he was something more than proficient upon the guitar, the piano and the violin. Then he had a fine voice, a delicious tenor, and those who had the good fortune to hear him sing, used to boast of it as though a piece of tar-work had befallen them. Tom was good-natured, too, and as amiable as though it were necessary for him to conciliate the world, that his presence might not be considered an intrusion. But, of all men, he was least likely to be considered *de trop* in the world.

He went abroad, and came back as amiable and unpretending as he went, but with more accomplishments than he carried away. He was invited everywhere, and he might have married any girl he chose to honor in that manner; but, as often happens in such cases, he seemed never to have been touched in his heart by any of the beautiful creatures who surrounded him. There was Fanny Ormulu, the only daughter of the great auctioneer, who, they used to say, was dying for him; and it is said that her father was so fearful of the effects of Tom's indifference on his daughter's health, that he was guilty of the indelicacy of offering to settle a hundred thousand dollars on him if he would marry her. But Tom had never known what it was to want money, and like an honorable, high minded man as he was, refused to sell himself, even at so high a figure, and to so beautiful a purchaser.

They say that old Ormulu was so exasperated and indignant at Tom's refusal, that he swore he would have satisfaction for the insult; and he was as good as his word. He did not challenge Tom, nor indeed, permit him to know that he entertained any ill-will against him; for, if he had, he probably would not have been able to accomplish his purpose. Ormulu was a commercial gentleman, and his manner of getting satisfaction was a purely business transaction; in fact, the old fellow did not understand any thing else. He set himself deliberately to work to ruin Tom, by getting away all his money. As this would have been the severest punishment that could have been inflicted upon himself, he naturally and very sensibly imagined that he could inflict no greater injury upon another than by making him a bankrupt.

Now, Tom was not a spendthrift, nor a gambler; but then he was the merest child in business matters, and had no idea about money transactions beyond drawing his dividends every six months, and contriving to make his income just meet his expenditure. Tom had often wished that his income was larger, for he had long been ambitious of owing a yacht, but was unable to indulge in that costly enjoyment; so, when his young friend, Pete Van Slicer, of the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., the great stock brokers, of Wall street, one day said to him, as if by accident, "Tom, how would you like to enter into a little speculation, by which you might make a hundred thousand dollars, or so?" Tom opened his eyes, and eagerly replied that he would like nothing better.

Pete then carelessly remarked, that Bob So-and-so had made nearly double that sum a few days before, by a corner in Harlem, and that he could put Tom in the way of making at least that amount by a speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock. Tom not being familliar with stock operations, asked how it could be done; whereupon Pete explained to him that certain parties having sold long in the stock were going to get up a corner, which would compel the shorts to buy in, and that the stock would begin to rise, and there was no knowing where it would stop. What Pete proposed that Tom should do, was to buy it while it was down, and when the rise should reach its height, to sell out and pocket the profits.

"Can I rely on the rise taking place?" asked Tom, who had not a very clear notion of the nature of transaction.

"Trust to me," replied Pete, with a knowing wink, which seemed to Tom so full of sagacity, that he concluded to trust to him, and accordingly gave an order to the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., to purchase for his account, about ten times as many shares of the Pottawattamy Coal Stock as he had the money to pay for, Pete undertaking to carry the stock, as he called it, for thirty days, in which time the rise was sure to occur.

Having made this little business arrangement with his Wall street friend, Tom got into one of the Dry Dock stages, to go up to the ship-yard and make inquiries about the cost of a yacht; and that night he dreamed of winning the Queen's cup at the Cowes regetta, and of lying at anchor in the harbor of Newport, and other pleasant things connected with the manly sport of yachting.

Tom did not know that his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was paying attention to Fanny Ormulu; and even if he had, he could never have imagined that old Ormulu was making use of the young stockbroker to ruin his friend. But such was the fact.

The next day, Elegant Tom Diller created a good deal of surprise among the motley throng of Jews and "lame ducks" that hover round the doors of the Stock Board, in the third story of the Merchant's Exchange; and when a playful Hebrew knocked Tom's hat over his eyes, as he stood anxiously waiting to hear what Pottawattamy sold at, he was so engrossed in his new speculation, that he never thought of resenting the affront. Pottawattamy went up one per cent. that day, but the next it went down ten, and the next ten more, and Tom received a brief note from Van Slicer, Son & Co, informing him that he was their debtor for losses on Pottawattamy Coal Stock, in a sum that considerably exceeded his entire fortune.

The man who has not felt the actual cautery of poverty, cannot have a very clear idea of what that word really means; and Tom did not, therefore, feel half so badly as he ought to have done, when he had to confess to himself that he was a bankrupt.

There is nothing to be gained by going into the distressing particulars of Tom's settlement with his brokers, and therefore, I will merely remark, that upon the very day on which all of his available property passed out of his own hands into those of Van Slicer, Son & Co., the junior member of that eminent firm was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as the papers say, to Fanny Ormulu, only daughter, and so forth, of Jefferson Ormulu, Esq., our enterprising and esteemed fellow-citizen, of the eminent firm of Ormulu, Bronze & Co.

CHAPTER II.

The ruin of Thomas Dillar, Esq., was complete. Wall street never witnessed a more decided cleaning out than in the case of my elegant friend. It was so smoothly and rapidly done, that he was like the man who didn't know he was decapitated until he attempted to nod his head—so sharply, so adroitly, and so quickly had the blow been dealt. But it does not take long for a person to find out that he is poor, and Elegant Tom Dillar immediately began to have a "realizing sense" of the true state of his case. He had nothing in the world left but his watch and a few articles of jewelry, by which he could raise money enough to discharge the few debts he owed, and which were demanded with a rude pertinacity that he had never known before. He had to abandon the hotel in Broadway at which he had been living, and take cheap lodgings in Beekman street; and, instead of having more invitations to dine than he could accept, he suddenly found himself without any invitations at all; as to evening parties, although he had made up his mind not to go to any more, he had the mortification of being cut by all his old friends, and soon ceased to expect any attentions from them. Heretofore Tom had skimmed the cream of human existence; he had visited only in the best circles, eaten the best dinners, drank the best wines, read the most amusing books, worn the best clothes, and had known nothing of the infelicities of human existence, except by heresay. But now his turn had come to feed on husks and taste of hyssop.

What Tom suffered, or how he struggled, none knew but himself, for he was too proud to complain, and, to all appearances, he was as light-hearted and cheerful as ever he had been in his most prosperous days.—But, as the writer of these lines was one evening hurrying down Broadway, to escape the clouds of blinding dust which a cold north-west wind was driving along that crowded avenue, he was suddenly arrested, near the corner of Canal street, by a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, he saw Elegant Tom Dillar, with his coat buttoned up close to his throat, and looking uncomfortably sharp, serious, and, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, seedy.

"How are you?" said Tom, in his usual elegant manner; but, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "you needn't ask me how I am, for I can discern by your looks that you see how I am. I am hungry."

Elegant Tom Dillar hungry.

I was too much shocked by this humiliating confession from a man whom I had known and envied in his better days, to disguise my feelings. But I put my hand in my pocket to feel for my purse.

"Thank you," said Tom, "it is very generous in you to anticipate my request. It is but a trifle that I need; and I will repay you soon."

I offered him the contents of my purse, but he would not take more than half a dollar. "At least," said I, "allow me to treat you to a supper, since you say you are hungry!"

"I will agree to that," he replied, "upon the condition that you favor me with your company, and allow me to call for what I want."

Of course, I could not refuse his proposition, and knowing what his former habits had been, supposed he would go into some of the splendid restaurants on Broadway, and call for such a supper as he had once been accustomed to indulge in. But, on the contrary, he led me into one of the cross streets, and I followed him down into a very humble underground "Saloon," where he ordered a supper of cold meat and bread, and I could not prevail on him to indulge in anything more.

"You know something of my history," said Tom, "how I once lived, and how I lost my property; but how I have lived since, you do not know, and I shall not distress you by telling. Look," said he, and he unbuttoned his threadbare coat, when I saw that he had on neither vest nor shirt. "I am actually reduced to this extreme," said he, and his voice quivered as he spoke, "by trying to live honestly. Up to this very hour, until I met you, I have not stooped to beg, but now I was driven to it. I had nothing left by which I could raise a shilling, and I have not tasted food to-day."

"Good Heavens!" said I, "can this be true! What, Elegant Tom Dillar, with all his accomplishments, his rich acquaintances, his knowledge of the world, and in a city like this, where employment is so readily obtained, reduced to starvation! It cannot be true."

"But it is true," said Tom, "impossible as it may seem to you, and all because I was not brought up to a regular profession. My accomplishments were not of a kind to bring me money in an honorable way, and I made up my mind if I could not live honorably, I would prefer not to live at all. I could easily have sold myself to unworthy or disreputable employments, or my former friends would probably have been glad to have had me sing for them, and have rewarded me by permitting me to live on their bounty, but I could not submit to such a position as that, I never could be a jack-pudding of society; and I would not disgrace my father's name by a dishonorable occupation."

As Tom spoke these words, he looked more elegant in his shabby suit than ever he had done in his happier days; and in spite of his poverty, I could not but still admire his manly spirit and self reliance. I actually felt poor beside him.

"But," said I, "why will you not allow me to lend you a larger sum than you have taken? You shall be heartily welcome to more."

"Because," replied Tom, "it is all I need. I think I have found a placer, and after this I shall be rich again."

I wished his expectations might be realized, and shaking his hand, I gave him my card, and begged he would send to me if he should need any further assistance.

CHAPTER III.

It was about three months after I parted with Tom in the cheap restaurant, that, as I entered the vestibule of the Astor House, I met him coming out of that hotel. I started back with amazement as I saw him, for Tom was now dressed with greater splendor than I had ever before seen him; not obtrusively made up, but with an air of studied elegance that was new to him. Certainly he never looked better, nor better deserved to be called Elegant Tom Dillar. He appeared a little embarrassed when he first caught my eye, but his old manner soon returned. "I owe you a trifle I think," said he, "let me pay it." And he pulled out a silk purse which seemed to be full of gold and silver, and reached me a half dollar.

"That is the principal," said he; "now do me the favor to accept this for interest." and he took a handsome seal ring from his finger, which he put upon mine. As our initials were the same I do not know whether he had it cut for me or not; but, seeing my cipher on the agate, I fancied he had, and did not refuse it. I keep it among my most precious mementoes of past friendships, for Tom Dillar is one of those persons whose acquaintance I regard as a feather in my cap.

CHAPTER IV.

The re-appearance of Elegant Tom Dillar in what is called society, was a topic of universal conversation in fashionable circles, and once more invitations began to pour in upon him, so that he might, if he had had the capacity, have eaten three dinners daily at the very best houses in town, and have danced in the most brilliant company that New York could afford nearly every night. But a great change was perceptible in Tom's manner. He was the Elegant Tom Dillar he had ever been; faultless in his manner, refined in his conversation, incredible in dress, and handsomer, if possible, than before his retirement. "But he is so subdued in his style," was the remark of everybody. He never danced, and when he was pressed to sing, he always evaded the request by pleading a slight hoarseness. There used to be a slight dash of frivolity in Tom's conversation and conduct, and he would abandon himself to all kinds of merriment; but now he was rather grave, quiet, and dignified, and several ambitious young men made most melancholy attempts to form themselves upon his style. Another of his changes was that he wore his hair cut very short, and his fine classical head was improved by it. In fact, Tom's new style was infinitely more interesting, becoming and *distingue* than his old. Certain pious ladies got their heads together, and after discussing the matter, came to the conclusion that Tom Dillar was preparing himself for the ministry. This suspicion even gave a new interest to him, and he became more than ever an object of observation. But this theory was soon exploded; for, if Tom were engaged in so pious an occupation, under whose auspices was he studying? On hearing the report, Tom smiled sarcastically, and raised his eyebrows as people do when they are both surprised and amused, but did not deny it. But, if he was not studying for the ministry, what was he doing, and how did he live? Where did he get his money? for it was known that Tom paid as he went, and not a soul of his acquaintances could accuse him of borrowing.

These questions began to grow extremely interesting and puzzling, for the manner in which Tom had been cleaned out by his speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock, by his friend, Peter Van Slicer, was as notorious as his subsequent poverty and retirement from the world. All sorts of expedients were resorted to for the purpose of discovering the secret of Tom's income; but the mystery baffled the keenest investigation, and the consequence was, that the wildest conceivable stories were told about him, and he was regarded with looks of suspicion, and treated with cold disdain by certain ladies who had marriageable daughters. The excitement at last reached its *calenture* when it was discovered that Julia Laurens, daughter of the celebrated and wealthy physician of that name, and grand daughter of old Ormolu, the auctioneer, one of the most beautiful and fascinating girls in society, had actually fallen in love with Tom, and that he had been forbidden her father's house because he refused to tell how he gained his income.

The report of this interesting circumstance invested the mystery of Tom's prosperity with a romantic interest, and the excitement became absolutely furious. It was impossible to enter a house without hearing the subject discussed, and even merchants talked about it on 'Change. The different theories which were broached were highly instructive, inasmuch as they revealed the different methods by which a man may contrive to live without labor; but it so happened that not one of them came within a thousand miles of the truth. Tom had, in fact, discovered a placer, as he termed it, which he alone knew how to work; and most discreetly did he keep his secret, until, in a luckless moment, the merest accident revealed it.

The women, poor simple-minded creatures, knowing but little of the world, had their own innocent surmises about Tom, the most plausible of which was, that he had entered into a league with the ——; some others, who had a less practical acquaintance with human possibilities, believed that he got his money by writing poems for the magazines; while others said that he gambled. But Tom's regular habits and his placidity of temper were averse to the last supposition. The men, of course, gave shrewder guesses; and one party maintained, with some plausibility, that Tom Dillar was employed as a Russian spy. The difficulty in this case was, that he never received any foreign letters, was notoriously ignorant of political movements, and never mingled in any society where he would be likely to pick up any information that would interest the Emperor of Russia. Another party maintained that he speculated in stocks; but that theory was easily knocked in the head; Tom had not been in Wall street since his speculation in the Pottawatamy Coal Stock. Some ill natured people hinted that he was employed in circulating counterfeit money; but he was closely watched and never known to pass off a bad bill. He was accused of picking pockets, of buying lotterry tickets, and other disreputable practices; but the strict integrity of Tom's conduct, and his perfect frankness on all subjects concerning himself except that impenetrable mystery of the source of his income, put every ungenerous suspicion to rest. He was watched when he went from a party or the opera, and was always found to go directly to his lodgings, and there, too, would be found in the morning. Julia Laurens' father had employed a police officer to dog Tom's footsteps, and discover what his haunts were; but the man could learn nothing more than was already known. There was one rather striking peculiarity, however, about Tom's movements, which might lead to the discovery of the mystery. Nobody had seen him, except on Sunday nights, between the hours of seven and ten. Every place of amusement in the city was ransacked in vain, during these hours, but no sign of Tom Dillar could anywhere be found, and he continued to be a subject of talk in society, where he was still well received in spite of all the evil things that were surmised about him.

Julia Laurens was a spirited girl, and she loved Tom the better, perhaps, because he was the object of so much unjust suspicion; and her father, the doctor, was charmed by Tom's intelligence, his gentlemanly manners, his fine taste, and his amiability; and most happy would he have been to acknowledge him as his son in law, but for the mysterious silence which he observed in respect to his income. But, as Tom was resolute in his silence, the father of Julia was inexorable, and there was nothing left for them but a clandestine marriage. The lady hinted at her willingness, but Tom told her, dearly as he loved her, he would not be guilty of a dishonorable act to obtain her. He would wait a little longer, and perhaps her father would relent.

To fully appreciate Tom's noble conduct, it should be known that Julia, in addition to her expectations from her father's property, which were already large and increasing, had property of her own, valued at fifty thousand dollars, which had been bequeathed by her aunt. All this Tom might have had, and the woman he loved besides, but for his high minded sense of honor.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor Laurens, Julia's father, was a most passionate lover of music, and you were always sure of seeing him in his box at the opera, in his bright buttoned coat, with lorgnette in hand, listening to the prima donna as though she were a patient, and he anticipated a fee at the close of the performance. He was so catholic in his taste that he could enjoy one kind of music as well as another, and, when there was no opera, and his patients would permit, he would go to hear the Ethiopian Minstrels, and sit through the entire performance. In fact, the banjo was one of the Doctor's weaknesses, and there were some people who were uncharitable enough to say that negro minstrelsy was much better adapted to his taste than the Italian opera. But that was mere scandal, of course, for the Doctor had been in Europe, and had brought back with him, like many other gentlemen who go abroad, a taste for music and the fine arts, which he did not carry with him.

There was one member of the Ethiopian band, where the Doctor was in the habit of going, who had completely fascinated him, which was not much to be wondered at, for he had fascinated everybody else who had heard him; and when he appeared, there was sure to be an overflowing house. The name of this incomparable singer was Higgins, and his talents as a banjo player, a dancer, and a personator of the negro character, particularly as the negro dandy, were equal to his splendid abilities as a singer. The Doctor never failed to drop into the Ethiopian opera, as it was called, whenever this public favorite appeared, which was nearly every night, and seeing his name on the bills for a benefit, the Doctor resolved to go. On reaching the hall he found the box so crowded, that he could not even get his nose inside; but the door keeper recognized him, and wishing to gratify so distinguished a patron of the establishment, offered to show him round by a private entrance so that he would be near the stage, and might retire at his leisure.

The Doctor was delighted, and put something into the hand of the door keeper, as an acknowledgment for the favor. He got a good seat near the stage, and waited with impatience for the appearance of the incomparable Higgins. The sham darkey was in splendid voice, and filled the audience with ecstatic pleasure by his happy imitations of Dandy Jim. But his most brilliant performance was in the plantation break down, in which he ravished the spectator by his unparalleled heeling and toeing. In the midst of the performance, when the frenzy of the spectators was at its height, a boy in the gallery threw a piece of orange peel on the stage, and Higgins, by an unlucky step put his foot upon it and fell with a tremendous crash. The audience at first thought it a part of the dance, and applauded tremendously, but it was soon discovered that the poor man had met with a serious accident. He was taken up by his companions and borne off the stage; directly after, the leader of the band came on, and asked if there was a surgeon in the house, as Mr. Higgins was badly hurt by his fall. Doctor Laurens was but too happy of having an opportunity of rendering any professional assistance to so distinguished an artist as Higgins; so he stepped promptly forward and offered his services. The artist had struck his head, but was only stunned. The Doctor, however, did as all doctors do on such occasions, whipped out his lancet and bled the patient, while one of his companions, with a bowl of water and a sponge wiped the burnt cork from the face of the unconscious minstrel.

Higgins presently opened his eyes and stared wildly about him, while the Doctor shrieked out,

"Good gracious, it is Elegant Tom Dillar!"

Tom was bewildered by the sudden change of the scene, and faint and sick from the loss of the blood which Doctor Laurens had been letting out of his veins; but, bewildered and weak as he was, the sound of the Doctor's voice, and the sight of his astonished countenance, brought Tom to his senses. He knew at once that his secret was discovered, and comprehended in a moment the consequences that must follow its revelation to society.

"Doctor," said he, faintly, "it's no use to dissemble further. You know my secret: let me request you to keep it to yourself."

"O! my dear fellow," said the Doctor, "you are perfectly safe in my hands; don't be uneasy. For the credit of my own family, at least, I shall not be likely to proclaim to society that a gentleman who has visited at my house, is a member of a troupe of Ethiopian minstrels. I wish you a good evening, sir."

It very oddly happened that, before midnight, all the members of the Manhattan Club, to which the Doctor belonged, knew that Elegant Tom Dillar had retrived his fortunes by joining the Ethiopian minstrels, and the news was spread all through society before the next day at noon.

Tom received a package early in the morning from Julia, inclosing all the billet-doux and trinkets he had sent her, and requesting a return of all she had ever sent him. The letter was as devoid of feeling or sentiment as a lawyer's dunning letter; and Tom wrote one in reply, which was quite as cold and business-like.

"Well," said I to Tom, on meeting him a few days after his accident, which would very likely have proved fatal to him but for his woolly wig! "Do you intend to give up society or the minstrels?"

"Society!" exclaimed Elegant Tom Dillar, with a sarcastic curve of his finely chiselled lip; "Society be ——."

I will not repeat the very coarse expression he used; for, since his new associations, he had grown rude and low in his language.

"What should an honest man care for society?" said he. "When I was an idler, living on the property which my father's industry had crocheted me, society petted me and cherished me. When I lost my property, society turned a cold shoulder to me, but petted the villain who had robbed me of it.—When by an honest exercise of the only accomplishments I had been taught, I was enabled to appear like a gentleman, society again received me with open arms, although it imagined I was a gambler or a pick-pocket; but, when it was found that my money was honestly obtained—that I wronged no one, nor owed any one—society rejects me again, and the girl who was willing to marry me as a swindler, turns her back upon me as an honest man."

I am afraid Tom was misanthropical; for, as he soon after became possessed of a considerable fortune by the death of a relative, he quitted the minstrels and went to Paris, where, I heard, he still lives in great splendor and is famous for his dinners, to which none of his countrymen are ever invited.

The Education of Daughters.

It is often a question, with thoughtful women how they shall educate their daughters. Especially is this the case with widows, who have no fortune, nor any prospect of any, which would enable them to leave their children comparatively independent.—Compelled to labor for their daily bread, they ask themselves continually, "how shall I smooth for my child the thorny path I am treading myself!" Their own experience has taught them how cruel society is to the women who labor for their livelihood; how unjustly such women are ostracised; and how unequal, consequently, are their chances for obtaining a comfortable settlement in life by marriage. The case is the harder, if, as the phrase goes, "they have seen better times." There can be but one reply to this question. Every girl, no matter how poor, ought to be educated, with the conviction in her mother's mind, that the chances are, she will become a wife and mother, however poor she may be.

For this destiny, therefore, she should be trained. However necessary it may be that she should support herself, the duties she will probably be called on to perform eventually, should never be disregarded. Society is full of wives, who, having been intended for teachers, dress makers, &c., and having capably discharged the calls of their profession, have, after marriage, proved utterly incompetent for their new vocation. Many a husband, in consequence of being united to such a woman, has been driven into evil courses. If a home is untidy, or otherwise disagreeable, a man of loose principles or unusual selfishness is very apt to seek amusement elsewhere. There is a popular notion that housekeeping need not be taught to a girl, for that every wife, after all, must learn such things by her own experience. Nothing can be more absurd. Does a man put off learning a business till it is time for him to start for himself?—Even, therefore, where a daughter has to learn some trade, by which to support herself while single, she should be taught the duties of a wife, because the chances are, that she will, some day, be married.

Nor is housekeeping the Alpha and Omega of these duties. Deeper than it lie other qualities, quite as indispensable, and which are still more necessary to a husband's happiness, or ever a wife's. It would consume too much space for us to enumerate them all, but we may sum them up by saying that daughters should be taught to be womanly. The tendency of that education which disciplines a girl to depend on herself entirely, or, "to battle with world," according to the popular term, is to render her, so far less feminine; and if nature did not do so much to counteract this proclivity, if women generally were not, because of their physical, moral and mental organization, womanly and not manish, the evil world would be worse than it is. In the existing state of society, especially in great cities, there must be women who will never have a fit opportunity to marry; but this is no reason why they should not be made as feminine as a mother's example and influence can render them. And further, as no mother has a right to pre-suppose that her daughter will never marry, she has no right to educate her in a way that will render marriage less likely.

For a truly womanly woman has much the best chance of being loved by a truly worthy man. The ordination of nature has made a tender, affectionate, sympathizing, cheerful, patient, unselfish female more likely to attract strong, earnest, heroic men, than one of a different stampt. To argue that this ought not to be, that manish females are vastly more noble creatures, is simply preposterous. Men love, by a fine instinct, which generally leads them aright; that is, when they love in the pure sense of that term; and they would love oftener in that sense, if women were truer to that ideal womanhood, which even the lost reverence and acknowledge. The best dower a mother can give her daughter, is the dower of a perfect womanliness. It will be at once a protection against the vicious, and an attraction to the pure. Where there is a necessity for the daughter earning her livelihood, by the practice of some trade, by waiting in a store, or by other employments of a similar character, the aim should be to educate the child, that while she should be self-reliant, she should not be the less feminine, while she should think and act for herself, she should not become mannish, or, as the world calls it, "strong minded!"